

## STARTER ROWE'S POOR WORK.

A GREAT CROWD AT ELIZABETH'S TRACK.

MADSTONE DEFEATED BY ANNIE BISHOP-IN-TRIUMPH GAVE WAY TO INDIGO.

The plain people went down to the Elizabeth track of the New-Jersey Jockey Club yesterday in large numbers. Most of them were very plain people. It has been for years the proud boast of the Dwyer brothers that they took no stock in "trills" upon the turf. They don't care for lace embroidery. Old point is no more to them than cheap fishing net turned out by machinery in thousand-yard rolls. Meeklin, Valenciennes, point d'Alencon, all the amazing wretched of delicate device in embroidery put together by years of patient toil in Italian, Spanish, French or Belgian convents do not appeal to the Dwyers. No trills for them. It was a gathering of the masses, and not of the classes, at Elizabeth. And yet some well-known racing men were present, including James R. Keene, the most prominent and influential of all living owners of racecourses; John Hunter, president of the quavering and wobbling Board of Control, and the Dwyers. Mr. Walcott, president of the Monmouth Park Association was also present, but he does not count for much since the grotesque and ridiculous suit of the Monmouth Park Association against certain New-York newspapers was transferred to the jurisdiction of the United States courts in New-Jersey. Juries are not packed in the Federal courts in New-Jersey, and ring racers do not influence indictments and verdicts in these courts as they do in certain judicial proceedings under the State system in the State which separates Philadelphia from New-York.

The railroad service on the way to the track was unsatisfactory again. A coupling broke, and the second section of the 1:20 special train to the racecourse did not reach the track until after the first race had been run. This was unpleasant. But the management of affairs at the track was not at all gratifying. With a little inquiry, the officers of the club could have learned that a second section of the 1:20 train, with many hundreds of unhappy and impatient passengers on board, had been delayed. It would have been easy to put off the running of the first race to 2:15, in order to give these hapless wretches an opportunity to get on the first race and to witness the running. No one would have suffered any damage or injury from a little postponement of this sort. The third race was over at 3 o'clock. Then the train was called for 3:30. That gave a half-hour for betting. Twenty minutes were not enough. All sorts of prizes have been given in this country for the prize lists of the United States were opened, the managers of American racetracks would take first, second and third prizes, and all rivals would be distanced. What glimmer of sense or reason was there in calling the first race promptly at 2 o'clock, when so many people were delayed on the road, and then giving so much superfluous time between the races for vicious and immoral gambling?

John Kelly, the most popular of racing men, was not at the raceroom. Mr. Kelly is not in the best of health. His vast army of attached and devoted friends hope that he will soon be restored to the enjoyment of his finest physical condition. When he is not at the races a big, black cloud settles down upon the festivities. His absence leaves an irreparable gap filled with melancholy and gloom.

Mr. Rowe was not in good form yesterday. His starting in the fifth race was about as bad as could be. If Mr. Rowe did not possess a reputation for impartiality, prejudiced people might think that he was working to give Tormentor that race. There was a great rush to back Sirco. But Sirco was ridden by an extraordinary favorite named Lampighter, and the riders of the other horses hoped to have entered into a conspiracy to ruin Sirco's chances by wearing him out at the post. Mr. Rowe, so far as could be observed, did nothing to check the success of this conspiracy, and fell very far below doing his duty. This was an extremely unwholesome race, and it did not exhibit Sirco's true form by any means.

The first race furnished a hot favorite in Fatty, and she proved the winner, leading Harryway and reaching the wire half a head before Harrierson, who beat Curacao a half length for the place.

Integrity carried the bulk of money bet on the second race, with better handling he might have won. He got away with the others, but he was either taken back, or allowed to drop back, until he was last of his field, and then he dropped the length of a horse. When the jockey saw he must have been too slow to move up ahead, and his rush through the stretch was a swift one, he must have been late to be effective, and he was beaten by a head. One was third, beaten only by a neck for the place.

The conditions of the race called for horses to run more than one race in 1893. This let in Madstone against an ordinary lot. Yet he proved unequal to the task. Annie Bishop racing with him in whole distance and, after being beaten, hating him by a length. Heyward was third, a length away.

Each of the four made up the field for the fifth race, with better handling he might have won. The fact that he has been in constant training since March 1 and has been used with top weights against the best horses in the country is not taken into consideration. He has made two trips to Chicago, and still remained the slowest in the race. His owner sent him west, as it was impossible to induce the owners of Yo Tambo or Clifford to come East and try competition. His defeat yesterday was predicted nearly every Western player at Elizabeth. The Westerntown claimed that he was not equal to run over the long, empty soil of the Hawthorne track.

Poor Loddish is in the city, and is likely to remain here until he starts for California. Fatty, the girl, was training the horse divisional to no better purpose. Loddish's mother, a noted authority on horses, of which no more than fourteen will be sold.

Mr. Peifer is one of the neatest winners at the Elizabeth track. On Friday he lost \$1,500 on Charley T., but he had enough on Golden Valley for a place, and to show to win \$150 on the race. He bet heavily on Discount and Pickpocket on Friday. Yesterday he won five out of the six races.

A wild-looking young plunger known as "P'fader" won \$2,800 on the victory of Wheeler in the last race.

The large crowds that pay at the races in the fall have caused the officials to aim to dictate the racing policy of the track. It is a matter of thought that they will make having racing with no more than fifteen associations next year.

When the proper time comes it is likely that Coney Island Jockey Club will announce that it will hold its meeting for 1894 on the regular dates which it has had in previous years. It has not been decided as to who will be selected to fill Mr. Leverett's place, made vacant by his death.

There are rumors that one of the most prominent men in New-Jersey is about to resign his place as a track official and dispose of his stable. In the future it is said that he will only visit the tracks as a spectator. Another vacancy in the field of control is to be announced in the near future.

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The day ended with a selling affair at five-and-a-half furlongs for which the starters numbered fourteen. Flatlands and Miss Beez divided honors as favorites in the betting, but both were beaten, Wheeler leading from start to finish, where he was two lengths before Flatlands, who beat Watterson by a neck for the place.

**DETAILS OF THE RACING.**

FIRST RACE—For two-year-olds. Special weights. Five and one-half furlongs.

Betting. ST. 14.

McGaffey & Whistler's ch. col. Fatality, by Sir Modest. 7-10. 1-3. W. H. St. 14. (Midgley) 2 10-5 4-4. 108.

W. M. Barrick's ch. c. Curious, (Lambeth) 3 8-1 3-1.

Poxbound, 108. (H. Jones) 0 20-1 8-1.

Private ch. 105. (Palmer) 0 20-1 8-1.

Omnia, 108. (Lambeth) 15-1 1-1.

Joe Ripley, 108. (Berg) 0 8-1 5-2.

Miss Lady and Trine were withdrawn.

SECOND RACE—For three-year-olds. Special weights. Seven furlongs. Seven furlongs.

J. A. Hatchell's b. & Indigo, by Hindoo. 8-11. 3-1 7-10.

R. H. and Mrs. 107. (N. Hill) 1 3-1 7-10.

C. Walker's ch. c. Intensity, by Sir Modest. 6-5 2-5.

Glen Island Stable's b. & c. One, 107.

Motcher, 107. (Lambeth) 3 4-1 6-5.

Bigot, 102. (Lambeth) 3 4-1 5-2.

Time—1:32.

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**THE SCANDINAVIAN DISPUTE.**

A recent cable dispatch stated that a semi-official organ of the Swedish Government had published an "inspired article," in which Norwegian Radicals were advised that their claims for a separate Foreign Department were impossible, and that military force might be employed. If Norway, insisting upon that claim, should break the Act of Union, the language of the Stockholm paper recalls the threatening words pronounced last summer by Minister Akerblom at a Cabinet Council of Sweden: "It is time that we should go and talk to the Swedes about those Norwegians." This was not at that time the sentiment of King Oscar and his Parliament, and the warlike Minister was dismissed. The tension between Norway and Sweden is still greater than ever.

Captain Wihart and his son, who were mopped by the ruffians, had not son, yesterday what action they would take against their assailants. Although the party had no right to make no noise, it is likely that effort will be made to have racing with other associations next year.

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**THE IRONMASTER AND CANDLES.**

FOURTH RACE—Special weights. Six furlongs.

H. Warner's b. & Anise, Bishop, by Sir Modest. 8-11. 3-1 7-10.

St. Michael's ch. b. Fatality, by Sir Modest. 7-10. 1-3.

W. M. Barrick's ch. c. Curious, (Lambeth) 3 8-1 3-1.

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**THE RAILROAD CHANGES.**

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